Volume LXXVIII CHICAGO, November 30, 1916 Number 13

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE PRAYER PERFECT

✠

Dear Lord! Kind Lord!
Gracious Lord! I pray
Thou wilt look on all I love,
Tenderly to-day!
Weed their hearts of weariness;
Scatter every care
Down a wake of angel-wings
Winnowing the air.

Bring unto the sorrowing
All release from pain;
Let the lips of laughter
Overflow again;
And with all the needy
O divide, I pray,
This vast measure of content
That is mine to-day.

—James Whitcomb Riley

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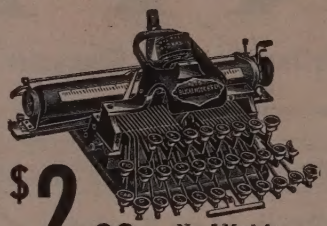

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXVIII THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1916 NUMBER 13

UNSHARED.

Blinded and rent and torn in warring lands,
Oh, know you not a fiercer pain may be
In anguish of unmutilated hands,
In anguish of the eyes that still may see?

The Atlantic Monthly. —*Margaret Sherwood.*

We call the attention of our readers to the resumption of the Sunday School Lesson series for the seventh year of the Seven Years' Course, which appears on page 205.

It is not always safe to edit an event before it occurs. Our up-to-date contemporary, the *Independent,* of November 13th, contains a beautiful double-page portrait of "The President Elect," but strangely enough it is a man with whiskers! Try it again, neighbor!

And now it is Newark, New Jersey, that offers a thousand dollars in prizes for the best poem on the Newark 250th anniversary. The poet as well as the committee will have a hard time of it, for the committee consists of one hundred members.

The Gad's Hill Social Center dedicated a new house in Chicago last week. The announcement of the "Salem (Massachusetts) Fraternity" is before us, organized in 1869 and incorporated in 1875. This claims to be the oldest boys' club in America and now enrolls over four thousand members. Thus this social movement is bracketed from the oldest to the newest in only forty-seven years of time. "The world do move," and when it gets fairly started it moves pretty fast, does it not?

Mr. Camargo, a member of the State Department of Brazil, is a Unitarian visitor to Boston, the guest of the A. U. A. He is a hopeful messenger from the South. We believe that the old Church of Rome still exerts a benignant power, but it is good to have that power challenged; sometimes its light shines best and farthest through the broken window of conformity and intellectual complacency. The old church must feel the pulse of the Twentieth Century; it must move on, or else get run over.

Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, in the November *Survey* says:

> We in this country have the ideal of peace. We have come to the conclusion in this modern world of ours, and in America particularly, that peace is the normal relation of life.
>
> The melancholy conclusion that peace and corruption are ordinarily brothers; that heroism is the natural consequence of war, is bred of a wrong ideal of peace.

Good enough, Mr. Secretary! Keep right on on this line and you will pave the way for the reorganization of your department and the rechristening of your office. Instead of a "Secretary of War," we will have a "Secretary of Peace," a high function, a noble title.

An appreciative correspondent reminds us of Nathaniel Hawthorne's interest in the suffrage movement. This quotation from "The New Adam and Eve" in "Mosses from an Old Manse," is a timely contribution to the life of today. Woman's right to the ballot is a dateless right, good for all time and independent of date or geographical boundaries.

> Our wanderers next visit a hall of legislature where Adam places Eve in the speaker's chair, unconscious of the moral which he thus exemplifies. Man's intellect, moderated by woman's tenderness and moral sense! Were such the legislation of the world, there would be no need of state-houses, capitals, halls of parliament, nor even of those little assemblages of patriarchs beneath the shadowy trees by whom freedom was first interpreted to mankind on our native shores.

There is a *Pan-American Magazine,* and there is an awakening of Yucatan, as an attractive reprint from the October issue of the above magazine proves. Yucatan is a name that the imagination conjures by, and we are as surprised as we are delighted to learn that "in Yucatan people look clean. What's more, they are clean; from the humble peon to the richest planter, personal cleanliness is almost a religion with them." Yucatan is in Mexico, the Mexico which the bumptious elements in the United States are disposed to give up as wholly bad, and propose to "clean it up" with powder and ball, scrape it clean with bayonets, etc., etc. Better try a while longer to do the work with Gold Dust, Dutch Cleanser and more hot water.

The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City, issues two leaflets, which are before us, of prime importance to those threatened with tubercular troubles, and that includes all of us. For according to this careful authority, there is a death every three and a quarter minutes, or 160,000 a year,

in the United States, from the great white plague. It kills one-third of all who die between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, and in costs in loss of life and labor in the United States $500,000,000 a year. Not less than a million people are now suffering from the fell disease; more men than women die of tuberculosis, and the death rate among negroes is three times that among whites. Surely there is reason for all of us to be interested in this awful battle with a known enemy whose forces man's skill and intelligence are as yet unable to vanquish. Send for these leaflets entitled "Periodical Medical Examination" and "Some Talking Points About Tuberculosis."

A mass meeting to protest against the increasing persecution in England of conscientious objectors to military service, and against the growing sentiment in the United States in favor of military training in the public schools, is to be held at the Friends' Church, 4413 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, on December 3rd, at 3 p. m. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all who desire to express their sympathy with those who are conscientiously opposed to the bearing of arms and the promulgation of warlike habits and spirit in the young. Those who cannot attend are invited to express their sympathy with, and approval of, the meeting by letter or otherwise, to Ruthanna M. Simms, Chairman Peace Committee, at the above address. Apropos to this protest, we take pleasure in calling attention to the article in the November number of the *Atlantic Monthly,* entitled "The Great War and the Conscientious Objector." In this article there is a statement of the facts which lead to this meeting. We hope there will be a large attendance and powerful testimony offered.

The November Bulletin of the Ethical Society of St. Louis is at hand. It represents what is being done at one center of religious and civic activity. The detailed notice of the activities includes plans for the Women's Auxiliaries, Men's Club, Young People's Association, Dramatic Class, Folk-Dancing Class, Musical Group, Inquiry Meetings, Child-Study Group, Week-day Organ Recitals, Post-graduate Groups, a proposed Teacher's Group. Crowning it all is the announcement of Percival Chubb's Sunday addresses. On November 19th he speaks on "Recent Attempts to Reach the Real Jesus," including a study of George Moore's book, "The Brook Kerith," Mary Austin's "The Man Jesus," Alexander Rhibhany's "The Syrian Christ." This may be an exceptionally effective center, carefuly organized, and splendidly led, but it is not unique. In all the great cities of the United States there are such centers formed or forming. They are prophetic attempts to interpret religion in terms of today, to combine the free mind with the reverent spirit, not neglecting the past, or dismissing it with contempt, but reverently discovering in the past the sure foundations of the growing life of man and the increasing beauty of humanity.

In a recent note we called attention to Harry F. Ward's work in connection with the Methodist University and activities. We are glad to see that in the Social Service series, published by the Baptist Social Service Commission, there is a pamphlet entitled "The Living Wage—A Religious Necessity," from the pen of Mr. Ward. The sooner this problem is lifted out of the realm of economics into the realm of religion, the better it will be for all concerned. It is not a question on how little can a man keep the breath of life in the body for himself and family, but how much he ought to have out of the result of his labor to bring to himself and family maximum power and joy. Well does Mr. Ward say:

> The results of the lack of a living wage must be reckoned in social terms. Low wages mean bad housing, under nourishment, limited intellectual opportunity, the breakdown of the family circle through the forcing of its members into industry. Individually, the church constantly faces these starved and weakened lives. The sum total of them constitutes a grim set of facts for the community to face. Destitution and pauperism, the extreme forms of poverty, find their largest single cause in the fact of inadequate income. They are commonly ascribed, by well-meaning people, who are ignorant of social facts, to individual laziness or intemperance. Long ago, however, Warner declared that seventy-four per cent of destitution was created by community causes.

No more tender tribute to motherhood has come under our notice for a long time than the little compilation by Charity Dye of Indianapolis, a contribution to the centennial celebration of the State of Indiana. It is a memorial to the "pioneer mother of Indiana." Miss Dye here, as elsewhere, displays her skill in selection. She has a delicate instinct for things excellent in literature. This tribute contains poetical quotations from Joaquin Miller, William Dudley Foulke, Benjamin Parker, Eva Marble Bondy, Kipling, and, of course, Riley, with prose citations from Charles Zueblin, whom she claims for Indiana, Paul Haworth, Martha Nicholson McKay, and others. The little pamphlet closes, as it might well do, with a poem by Charity Dye herself. The pageant which she describes closes with:

> The crowd makes way! A deep hush falls! They come
> Who the unbroken wilderness transformed,
> The father and the mother Pioneer,
> Hand in hand, by joyous children led
> To the high seat with ivy decked for them.
> Midst shouts of loud acclaim and music glad,
> A crown for service on each head is placed;
> Full partners, they in equal honor stand,
> Not crowned as ancient king or queen to rule!
> They wear the only crown this country gives,
> A wreath for honor, toil, achievement won.

With upraised hands they signal, blessing given;
The multitude in humble silence stand,
And with the aged pair, well pleased, look through
A Century's purple mist on lives well spent.

Reverend Troward H. Marshall, who is in the line of apostolic succession in the pulpit of the Unitarian Church in Rochester, has issued a most interesting schedule for the Sunday School work in that parish for the season of 1916-1917. The school is divided into four groups, A, B, C, D, with the kindergarten department at one end of the course and a Young People's class consisting of High School and College students and a conversation class of adults, at the other end. The schedule is elaborated almost to the point of being labored. The schedule seems formidable, but the fact that it is scheduled removes much of what is formidable in Sunday School teaching. The difficulty with Sunday School work, as generally pursued, lies in its formlessness and the absence of pedagogical painstaking. Mr. Mashall has surveyed the field with a telescopic lens. Sweeping the long and wide fields of history from Amenophis to Clara Barton, he has found material to illuminate the life of Jesus and to trace the growth of law and the evolution of man. We will be surprised if this splendid outline does not break the limits of the prescribed thirty-nine Sundays. A year's course is good; a seven years' course is better; or, at least, so says the experience of one corps of Sunday School workers, that of All Souls Church, Chicago. See outline and prospectus of this course in another column.

UNITY's list of current periodicals committed to the uncompromising peace movement has brought to the editor comforting assurance that it was read by many people. We knew the list was imperfect and did not presume to make it exhaustive, but we are glad of the corrections that have come to us. The last correction reminds us of what we already knew and ought to have remembered, that the *Conservator,* edited by Horace Traubel in Philadelphia, has uncompromisingly stood against war and has ever been ready to give its reason for the same. In its December issue it says:

Let me be the fool of peace rather than the fool of war. Let me think more of you than you deserve rather than less of you than you deserve. I choose to come to the noblest conclusions for man. I'd rather look up at the sun than down at my feet. Everybody I meet is talking guns and murder. * * * * What has become of the world? The worst things ever achieved have been won through war. The best things ever achieved have been won through peace. Even in the past. Yet you quote history. You say look back. Is it so idiotic to take the next step? To say we'll transfigure warfare? We'll transfer it? Letting it have its brain storms rather than its body storms? Is it so farcical to say we'll apply other tests? That we'll trust the spirit where you appeal to the letter? I've never moved an inch but I've been called down for it. The church and state call me down. The editors call me down. The parlors call me down. And you whom I meet on the street call me down. If there's to be only one fool to take the stand against the wise let me be that fool. If there's to be only one fool to oppose war without reason and to favor peace without excuse let me be that fool. If there's to be only one fool allowed to a hundred millions of Americans let me be that fool. If there's to be only one fool to challenge the apologetic art and scholarship and statecraft and theology that blesses the carnage of the battlefield let me be that fool. If there's to be only one fool to say he knows the sanguinary chances of peace as well as of war and still thinks war is the shabbiest of all the malignant devices of progress let me be that fool. I'm not opposed to war because I'm opposed to fighting. War's not fighting. War's murder. War's not a comparison of records. War's not a contest of souls for the soul. War's the consummated deceit of the race. The expedient of the liar and the sneak.

The November number of the Bulletin issued by the Poetry Society of America (New York City) brings tidings from other than the police courts and shows that the American people have their windows open towards the sky, and, better still, that the light that "never was on sea or land" is illuminating the darkness of our day. This society has been entertaining Tagore and Mrs. Florence Earle Coates in New York. An enthusiastic poetry society has been founded in Notre Dame University in Indiana with Father O'Donnell, himself a poet of no mean power, as President. Joyce Kilmer is in the lecture field, speaking of war and the poets. Witter Bynner is kept busy reading his own works. Mrs. Julia Leavens is reading from poets of today before eastern audiences. Jessie B. Rittenhouse, most skillful honey-gatherer of them all, perhaps, has been giving four lectures before the Brooklyn Institute. *The Art World* and *The Seven Arts* are titles of new magazines. The Chicago magazine of *Poetry* announces the awarding of prizes offered by that magazine and its friends, one of $200 to Edgar Lee Masters for his poem, "All Life in a Life," and one to John Gould Fletcher for his Arizona poems. And in Chicago, under the auspices of *Poetry* and its editor, Harriet Monroe, the following poets, on Sunday afternoons at four-thirty o'clock in the Little Theatre, are handing out their own lines to delighted audiences. Harriet Monroe and Nicholas Vachel Lindsay have already given readings. Padraic Colum, Witter Bynner, Josephine Preston Peabody Marks, and Florence Kiper Frank will occupy the Sundays of December, omitting Christmas Eve. After them follow Amy Lowell, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, Arthur Davison Ficke, Mary Aldis, Eunice Tietjens, and Carl Sandburg, their dates not being yet announced.

John E. Jones of the United States Press Association, Washington, D. C., prefaces a notice of "Love for the Battle-Torn Peoples" by the Editor of UNITY with these interesting details of the much ridiculed dinosaur and his associates. The militarists and preparedness men, in press, on platform, and in the pulpit, tried to parry the argument by ridicule and by biological sophistry. But the bare fact remains that all these

creatures are gone and that the armored defense was not adequate to contend with the rising forces of wit and love. But the readers of UNITY are familiar with the argument and they will appreciate these facts gleaned from the museums. Parents and teachers will know how to enforce the lesson more clearly when next they show the little ones around the museum:

In the National Museum at Washington, there is a skull of a three-horned Dinosaur, measuring six feet, five inches in length, which was found in Wyoming in 1891. Another specimen is the Armored Dinosaur, an extinct reptile. These animals sometimes measured eighty feet in length. There is also a sea-living Mammal, found near Cocoa, Alabama, in 1896, which belonged to a period of three or four million years ago. A nearly complete skeleton of an American Mastodon, found in Indiana in 1914, which belonged to the ice age, dating back thousands of years, is among the exhibits. It stood ten feet high, and resembled the elephants of the present day. The shell of an American Ammonite, found in Montana, is more than four feet in diameter. It looks very much like the present-day snail, except for its great size.

Passing from the section where prehistoric relics are found one comes upon the Roosevelt specimens, secured at the time of the expedition to Africa. Colonel Roosevelt brought home a good deal of big game, but the form of life in the animals was entirely different from that of the prehistoric age. Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, in his recent book, Love for Battle-Torn Peoples, published by the Unity Publishing Company of Chicago, furnishes an explanation for the changed conditions in animal life. The armored reptiles, whose protection was brawn and not brain, are gone or going, says Dr. Jones. There only remain, he continues, "The poor, sluggish, helpless crocodiles, alligators, the rhinoceros, and some other nearly extinct species crawling in the burning sands of tropic wastes. The wolf is being eliminated or transformed into the loving and loyal dog. The leopard is vanishing, being preserved only as the pet of children in the disarmed cat."

From these facts Dr. Jones draws thoughtful conclusions. "We will let the Lion stand as the symbol of force and the Lamb as the symbol of love," he says. Biology goes to show that the Lamb, and not the Lion, is the end and aim of life on the globe."

"Civilization," remarks Dr. Jones, "began when the hunter became a herder," and following the conclusion to the end, he says: "Those who would contribute to the defense of this nation will do well to abandon the field of Mars and pay reverence instead to Athena, the goddess of Wisdom, for her children are Philosophy, Science, Art, and above all, Religion, whose conquering word is Justice, whose kingdom includes all humanity, and whose countersign, in the darkest night of war and hatred, is *'brotherhood.'*"

Thanksgiving

UNITY believes mightily in the Thanksgiving Festival, the most unique, far-reaching and universal festival worked into the American calendar. But it believes more in the Thanksgiving Day than it does in Thanksgiving "Proclamations." We recoil from the cataloging of prosperities as the groundwork of Thanksgiving, as though we come into the festival, as it were, by the skin of our teeth. We dislike the chuckling over our neighbors, the boasting over our corn and pork figures. Our thanksgiving should rise above the coarseness that revels in statistics of bumptious crops, congested banks and similar prosperities. All these may mean today, as they have so often in the past, degeneracy, predicting calamities unspeakable.

We prefer rather to give thanks for the spiritual awakening of our people; spite of the gory records of the year there are evidences that we are laying hold of the intangible wealth of the spirit. We believe that the very bitterness of war is wearing out hatred, that there is an increasing number of men who can look "Above the Battle." There are men in the trenches who send their hearts beyond the barbed wire hindrances in growing admiration for the courage and patience manifested on the opposite as well as on their own side.

The great election, through which we have just passed, witnesses to the growth of America's loyalty to law. Throughout the length and breadth of the land there was no sign of riot, no appeal to violence, no attempt to revise the verdict of ballots by the intrusion of bullets.

Whether merited or not the decision of the election shows that the American people believed that the present incumbent of the chief executive office is for peace and against war. They believed that his sympathies are with the laboring classes rather than with the capitalistic exploitations of labor. They believed that the President is a forward looker, rather than a standpatter, that he faces the "issues" with courage, that he is open to new methods and is committed to progress.

The vote at the last election showed that the American people subordinated prosperity to the ideals of democracy. "A full dinner pail" is no longer a potential pre-election argument.

We should give thanks for the rising of woman into sanity and into civic power, for the gracious and efficient way in which she took part in the great election. She believed that there were issues more profound to her than the securing of the ballot for herself, earnest as are her desires in this direction. In the breaking down of party lines before present issues, she refused, in the main, to consent to the forging of another party fetter in the name of sex.

We should give thanks for the mighty tide of common sense bearing sobriety on its crest. The phenomenal increase of the "white" territory of the United States, argued the awakening good sense of the American people. This was no "reform" led by preachers and "wild-eyed reformers," though these were profoundly involved, but was a demand of business men, a recognition of the verdict of science that discovers the wastefulness of alcohol, the foolishness as well as the wickedness of the saloon. For these and kindred evidences of an awakened spiritual life and the growing appreciation of the intangible assets of our country we rejoice on Thanksgiving Day.

Most of all we should be thankful for the splendid opportunities awaiting us, the great unfinished tasks left at our door, the supreme task of pacifying the

world, of uniting the nations in a pact of peace that will be enduring.

Surely let us give thanks and enjoy the bounties of earth and heaven.

"The Five Souls" and Still Another Added Stanza

A friend sends us the additional stanza printed below, clipped from an English paper which tells of a schoolmaster giving to his pupils copies of Ewer's stanzas, made memorable to a multitude of Americans by the beautiful rendering of the same by the Fuller Sisters to a musical movement of Beethoven. A little girl of fourteen years brought back her copy with the added verse. For the sake of completeness we reprint the five stanzas with the additional stanza by J. Ll. J. and that of the little English girl.—EDITOR.

First Soul—

I was a peasant of the Polish plain;
I left my plow because the message ran:
Russia, in danger, needed every man
To save her from the Teuton; and was slain.
I gave my life for freedom—this I know:
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Second Soul—

I was a Tyrolese, a mountaineer;
I gladly left my mountain home to fight
Against the brutal, treacherous Muscovite;
And died in Poland on a Cossack spear.
I gave my life for freedom—this I know:
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Third Soul—

I worked in Lyons at my weaver's loom,
When suddenly the Prussian despot hurled
His felon blow at France and at the world;
Then I went forth to Belgium and my doom.
I gave my life for freedom—this I know:
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Fourth Soul—

I owned a vineyard by the wooded Main,
Until the Fatherland, begirt by foes
Lusting her downfall, called me, and I rose
Swift to the call—and died in fair Lorraine.
I gave my life for freedom—this I know:
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Fifth Soul—

I worked in a great shipyard by the Clyde,
There came a sudden word of wars declared,
Of Belgium, peaceful, helpless, unprepared,
Asking our aid; I joined the ranks, and died.
I gave my life for freedom—this I know:
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

From the Nation (London). —*W. N. Ewer.*

The Five Souls in Chorus—

On God's eternal hills we now do mourn
Our broken homes with wives and children dear.
That we were brothers then, as now, 'tis clear;
For War is hate and leaves the world forlorn.
We lost our lives through error, now we know;
For love supernal, it doth teach us so.

J. LL. J.

Sixth Soul—

I was a soldier of the Prince of Peace,
"Thou shalt not kill" is writ among his laws.
So I refused to fight, and for this cause
Myself was slain. 'Twas thus I gained release.
I gave my life for freedom—this I know:
For He for whom I fought has told me so.

What I Have Learned About a "Better Germany"

A Chapter of Ford Peace Expedition Experiences

I have learned that there is a "better Germany."

There are men and women in Germany who refuse to hate England. There are men and women in Germany who refuse to surrender the hope of renewed deep and lasting friendship with England, who believe that even the war would not be too great a price to pay for an Anglo-American-German alliance safeguarding the peace and progress of the white races, for centuries to come.

It is easy to catalogue crimes. The art of vilification calls for no special training. But if there is anything good in the thought of Great Britain about Germany, should not a Christian minister delight to tell it to Germany? If there is anything good in the thought of Germany about England should not a minister of Christ hasten to tell it to the English-speaking world? If to publish in German newspapers throughout Germany an article about a sane and moderate England which refuses to hate Germany, is to be "pro-ally," then I must be reckoned a fanatical pro-ally; for this I have already done. If to write something of what I have learned about "a better Germany" is to label myself "pro-German," why, I must needs wear the tag. Unto us also is committed a ministry of reconciliation!

I was in Berlin ten days. I moved freely amongst all classes of persons, civil and military, of all shades of opinion. I talked with jingoes and with pacifists; with members of the general staff and with social settlement workers; with soldiers of international reputation, theologians to whom every educated preacher in the world is under obligation, and successful business men and men of affairs. I was with Count von Moltke in the Palace of the General Staff a few days before he died; I spent one of the happiest hours of my life in the Royal Library with von Harnack, and another in the home of Adolf Deissmenn; I was in the home of Hans Delbrück, Treitschke's successor in the chair of history in the University of Berlin; I dined with Littmann, Wellhausen's great successor; I talked with the editor of the "Berliner Tagblat" in his office, and with Rohrbach, Germany's greatest political writer, at his club.

I talked with women who are leaders of wealth and fashion, and with women who are leaders in social and moral movements.

I talked with members of the government at the foreign office and in the vice-chancellor's palace. I talked with the Catholic Erzberger, leader of the central party in the Reichstag, and with Bernstein, leader of the Socialists. I talked with officers of artillery, officers of infantry, and soldiers of the rank and file. I talked with Christian pastors—glad enough to hold out the hand of friendship to a brother-minister who had come to a war-stricken land with peace in his heart.

May I add a personal word? It is important for the sake of clearness. When I say that I "talked" with these persons it must not be supposed that I exchanged polite greetings with them, mentioned the war, picked up some stray expression of opinion, and

came away. It is to be understood that I discussed with them seriously and at length the problems of the war and of an eventful peace. In many cases I submitted to them written questions. The same questions were put, and in the same words, to all the persons I met.

And this, amongst other things, I have learned:

There is to be found in Germany at this hour a body of opinion which is moderate, reasonable, pacific. It is at once ardent and informed. It is patriotic, of course. It demands a united and prosperous Germany, secure from attack, free to develop its own civilization, to feel its limbs and grow. But its vision is not narrowed to Germany. It believes in free nations and free men. It has the international mind. It is possessed by the international spirit.

And I have learned that it is terribly difficult for these men and women to be true to their convictions because everywhere, not least in America, their good is evil spoken of, and their peaceable words perverted to the injury of the Fatherland. In Boston last week I read of the "climb down" of Germany from the demands made by her a year ago, of the repudiation now of the annexationist propaganda of the days of her military successes. The most devoted adherent of the cause of the allies, the most furious opponent of the central powers, could not for one moment write in such terms if he had been in Berlin and learned the facts.

What are the facts with regard to annexation?

There was a year ago and there is now an "annexationist" party, a militaristic and jingo party such as may be found in America or England, France or Japan. These men say that they have won Belgium and a part of France with their blood and mean to retain it. Yes; but there was a year ago, even as there is now, a determined anti-annexationist party beyond all comparison greater and more powerful than the jingoes whom they oppose. Who are the annexationists? What does the world know of them, individually and personally? What, in a year or ten years, will the world remember of them?

But the anti-annexationists, the men who will sway the councils of empire and rebuild the future, bear names which, to Americans and Englishmen, are familiar as household words. It is more than a year since they published their noble protest against annexation; and a writer does the world, and not only Germany, a dis-service when he ignores this thirteen-month-old document and represents the "moderate" demands of Germany today as evoked by the fear of ultimate defeat.

The pen that actually wrote the protest was that of Theodore Wolff—I have talked with him and I know. But von Harnack signed it, and Baumgarten and Wellhausen, and Schüking, and von Liszt, and Welbrück, and Dernburg, and Rohrbach—and eighty or ninety others, all daring to say to Germany:

> We subscribe to the principle that the policy of absorption or annexation in the case of the peoples accustomed to independence is to be rejected.

And the suggested annexation they described then, in July, 1915, as:

> A political blunder fraught with grave consequences and calculated not to strengthen but to fatally weaken the German Empire.

Many of the signers of this declaration I saw. They stand where they stood a year ago. They remain opponents of annexation.

"The machinery of negotiation must be lubricated with peace, not with war," one of them, and he the greatest of them all, said to me. And when I pressed him as to how widely the anti-annexationist view prevailed amongst the German people, he said:

> The geographical position of Germany is not favorable to her economic development. Her greatest river finds its way to the sea through territory which is not her own. It would be overwhelmingly to her advantage to possess the mouth of the Rhine. But there is not a sane man or woman in Germany today who dreams of laying a predatory hand on the "river-route" to the sea which would be of inestimable value to the German people. Before the war began it would have been equally impossible to find in Germany a sane person who proposed to annex the territory contiguous to the mouth of the Scheldt. Belgium was safe from us. And Belgium will be safe from us when the war is over.

And France! "What are you going to do with France?" I asked another of the signers of the protest, a man who in two continents has served the German empire, "What are you going to do with the parts of France occupied by your troops?"

"Nothing," was the prompt reply, "leave them until the day that peace is concluded."

"What about Serbia and Montenegro?" I asked one of the best known editors in Germany; and after demurring that I ought to seek my answer in Vienna or Budapest, he said, "Serbia must be restored and Montenegro, too."

Ought not these things to be known? Do we help the cause of England by believing a lie of her foes? Do we serve the God of Truth by falsehood? Is it pro-German to say that, along with a militaristic Germany, there is today "a better Germany" and that this abides?

We have been asked to see something sinister in the phrase "Berlin to Bagdad." To the angry partisan it seems to convey the menace of German exploitation and German aggression. I do not feel called upon to dogmatize about it. I can say, with only a desire for conciliation in my heart, that it does not present itself in this light to some of the best Christians in Berlin with whom I talked. To them, the phrase does more than visualize a railway. It points to the regeneration of Asia Minor, to a Mesopotamia which shall flourish and blossom as the rose.

I talked with a scholar who knows the world that lies between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean as few men in America know it. Familiarity with his books may fairly be demanded of any person who claims to know anything at all about the countries whence Christianity started upon its conquering way. And this vision of the Asia Minor of the future seemed positively to inspire him. "The cradle lands of civilization," he said, "will recover from the deadly blight of centuries. Regions potentially the richest beneath the sun will become once more the homes of happy men. German schools, German colleges, German railways, German enterprise and science—and over the desert the song of Harvest home!"

And still, the "better Germany" refuses to shut out a "better England" from its view. For I have talked with scholars and with statesmen who see "with the mind's eye, Horatio," Great Britain joining in such development. They refuse to believe that the evil results of this war are permanent. To them the losses

are temporary. The gains will endure. They see Germany and Great Britain brought together again by "a community of interests, rivals, but friendly rivals, in the commercial and industrial renaissance of Asia Minor, neither seeking to exclude the other, both serving the high interests of the race."

I know that there is another Germany—a worse Germany. All the world knows that. But I set out to tell something of "a better Germany." And these are only some of the things that I have learned.

Charles F. Aked.

From The Congregationalist.

Is Jesus the Ideal Man?

It is not from a want of affection or reverence that I maintain that Jesus is not the ideal man. Jesus withdrew himself from human society. He made his home in the desert. He subsisted on charity. He had no occupation. Abraham Lincoln, in identifying himself with the life of the nation and the thought of humanity, was more of an ideal character.

We, who belong to the Unitarian Church, do not call Jesus a Savior. We do not recognize him as a Power working mysteriously in us, the same Power that created "the stars and the tiger." We admire him as a lovely personality. He is an inspiration, an example as other men may be. That humble Jew, living so many centuries ago in Nazareth, has been to millions a moral illumination. But we do not call him divine only as all men are divine.

Nor can we accept the cosmogony of Jesus. He made sin the center of all his ethics. He taught that this life was but a vestibule to an unchanging destiny—an eternal Heaven or an eternal Hell. Now we do not know what the future may bring, but we believe it will be good to all men.

Jesus then no longer helps but hinders us in expressing our views of society, of life, and of the world. Jesus has no answer to give to the great questions we are asking, only an answer felt to be inadequate. We are grateful to him, we recognize his moral ascendency, but we do not go to him for cosmogony. He has his contradictions and suggests more difficulties than he solves.

Then we are not in sympathy with the belief that we should go to the past for our theology or theory of the world. Man is still developing. He is not a finished being. He has not risen to the summit of his powers. As new facts come in he is continually expanding the horizon of his knowledge. We do not accept the dictum of Walt Whitman:

> There will never be any more perfection than there is now.

It is not what man has done in the past, great as it is, but what he shall do in the present and in the future. There shall be greater lives, greater thoughts, greater poems, greater philosophies. Man is just beginning to expand; he is in the bud; the flower is yet to be, beautiful beyond compare.

There are many who make Jesus the ideal, the God-man. If they believe that he stilled the sea with a word, that he raised the dead, that he healed the sick at a touch, that three loaves and two fishes were multiplied in his hands until he fed 5,000, we will not quarrel with this belief. We will as Unitarians recognize our indebtedness to all great souls, but we cannot surrender our personal freedom.

We sympathize with Emerson in "Self Reliance," who says: "The teacher who imparts a greater self-reliance—a new respect for the divinity of man, shall restore the life of man to splendor and make his name dear to all history."

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The History and Practice of Religion A Seven-Year Course

SEVENTH YEAR

The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion
A Biographical Study from Erasmus to Emerson

We begin in this issue the publication of abstracts of the lessons now being given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones at the Abraham Lincoln Centre on Tuesday mornings at 10:30 a. m. and Friday evenings at 8 p. m., this being the seventh year's work in the Seven-Year Course, reaching, as indicated above, from Erasmus to Emerson. Mr. Jones' lectures are revised and condensed by his Secretary, Miss May Johnson, assisted by Mrs. William Rothmann of the Tuesday Class. Attendance at one or the other of these classes is required of all those who teach in All Souls Sunday School; each teacher adapting the matter to the age and intelligence of her class. Such collateral helps as can be secured by photographs, charts and other tangible material will be furnished from time to time.

We begin by printing the topics for the year, accompanied by a reference list. A sixteen-page pamphlet setting forth the full Seven-Year Course can be secured by application at UNITY office for 15 cents per copy.

This course completes the fourth cycle at All Souls Church. The work which first began in 1889 has been continued without interruption, with growing satisfaction to parents, teachers and pupils. Recognizing the difficulties, confessing the inadequacies, the management of All Souls Church and the members of the religious study classes bear willing testimony that, at least in this church, the plan works. The interest of the children is easily held and that they get much from the course is testified to by the response which can be called forth any Sunday morning during the review exercises, and the more important evidence of those who have gone out of All Souls Sunday School into college studies and into life, who have found their studies in this course a real help to them in their subsequent reading and study and in life's battle.

The lessons will be printed regularly and copies of UNITY will be furnished at club rates to any Sunday School or Sunday School class desiring to use the same.

TOPICS.

I. Protestantism: Orthodox Christianity.

1. Erasmus. 1465-1536.
2. Martin Luther. 1483-1540.
3. Henry the VIII. 1491-1547.
4. John Calvin. 1509-1564.
5. John Knox. 1505-1572.
6. The Puritans. 1566-
7. George Fox. 1624-1691.
8. John Wesley. 1703-1791.

II. Protestantism: Liberal Christianity.

9. Servetus. 1511-1553.
10. The Socinii. Laelius and Faustus. 1525-1562. 1539-1604.
11. Francis David. 1510(?)-1571.
12. Joseph Priestly. 1733-1804.
13. William Ellery Channing. 1780-1842.
14. Hosea Ballou. 1771-1852.
15. Theodore Parker. 1810-1860.

III. The Enlargement of Science.

16. Copernicus. 1473-1543. Sir Isaac Newton. 1642-1727.
17. Sir Charles Lyell. 1797-1875. Charles Darwin. 1809-1882.

IV. The Enlargement of Skepticism.

18. Voltaire. 1694-1778. Rousseau. 1712-1778. Thomas Paine. 1737-1809. Thomas Huxley. 1825-1895.

V. The Enlargement of Literature.

19. Shakespeare. 1564-1616. Goethe. 1749-1832. Shelley. 1792-1822. Wordsworth. 1770-1850. Whittier. 1807-1892. Browning. 1812-1889.

VI. The Enlargement of Biblical Science

20. The Higher Criticism. Hugo Grotius. 1583-1645. David Strauss. 1808-1874. Renan. 1823-1892.

VII. The Enlargement of the Comparative Study of Religion.

21. Sir William Jones. 1746-1794. Anquetil Du Perron. 1731-1805. Champollion. 1790-1832. Max Mueller. 1823-1901.

VIII. The Humanitarian Enlargement

22. John Howard. 1726-1790. Samuel G. Howe. 1801-1876. Dorothea Dix. 1805-1887. Florence Nightingale. 1820-1910. William Lloyd Garrison. 1805-1879. Henry Berg. Susan B. Anthony. 1820-1906. Clara Barton. 1830-1912.

IX. Socialistic Enlargement, Applied Christianity.

23. Robert Owen. 1801-1877. John Ruskin. 1819-1901. Henry George. 1839-1900. Lyof Tolstoy. 1828-1889.

X. The Amelioration of Dogma; The New Orthodoxy.

24. Bishop Colenso. 1814-1833. F. W. Robertson. 1816-1853. Horace Bushnell. 1802-1876. Henry Ward Beecher. 1813-1887. Phillips Brooks. 1835-1893.

XI. Prophets of Universal Religion.

25. Immanuel Kant. 1724-1804.
26. Ralph Waldo Emerson. 1803-1882. James Martineau. 1805-1900.

XII. The New Catholicism; Gropings Toward Organization Across Denominational Lines.

27. (a) Orthodox. The Board of Foreign Missions. Young Men's Christian Association. Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Christian Endeavor Societies.

28. (b) Liberal. Free Religious Associations. The Parliament of Religions. The Congress of Religion.

XIII. Home Application.

29. All Souls Church. 1882- 30. Abraham Lincoln Centre. 1905-

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THE ORIOLE.

The oriole will build her nest
In places that she loves the best,
In places that are never guessed
By truant boy in aimless quest;
In solitude
The nest she swings,
To lay and brood,
While he who sings
Aloft upon some slender spray,
Will make her tender care like play.

The oriole will build her nest
In fashions that she deems the best,
In fashions that are soon confessed
Excelling others East and West;
In manners quaint
Her nest will make,
That others mayn't
A pattern take:
There brood and sing beneath the sky,
And teach her fledgelings how to fly.

The oriole will leave her nest
For lands by balmy winds caressed,
For lands of soothing summer, lest
The cold would chill the ling'ring guest;
And leave the boughs
To sway and swing,
Till feathered plows
Once more will bring
Her back to the old native shore
To find the nest she built before.

Shelbyville, Indiana. ALONZO RICE.

THE STUDY TABLE

A New Theological Novel

THE BROOK KERITH, by George Moore. (Macmillan, New York.)

George Moore is a writer better known by the literati than to the general reader. As a "stylist" he is said to rank with Pater, though it would be hard to conceive two writers of more divergent spirit and purpose. The present writer has but little knowledge of Mr. Moore's previous writings and can offer no comparative study in this review. "The Brook Kerith," through the boldness of its theme, and what many readers and some of the critics have pronounced the audacity of the treatment of that theme, together with the mass of legendary and historical learning displayed in the writing, was made famous in a day, and probably excels any other work of the season in the serious discussion it has evoked from press and pulpit. How much of the matter here presented is derived from actual tradition, how much from the fertile source of the writer's romantic and highly flavored imagination, only experts in biblical lore and literary workmanship can determine. Mr. Moore has written a captivating story, painting anew in life-giving colors that portion of the ancient world which forms the background of the New Testament narrative, and was the home of our religious forbears. As to the question, which at once arose in orthodox circles, of the propriety of the selection of such a theme and its very realistic handling, that is a matter that need not concern us here.

Briefly, in bare outline, this latest religio-historical, or historic-religious novel is named "The Brook Kerith," from a small stream flowing past Jerusalem, of such scant supply that it dries up in summer, but which in its fresh and more abundant sources in the surrounding hills furnished pasturage for the old-time shepherds and their flocks. Among these was a group of Jewish reformers, called the Essenes, with whom Jesus of Nazareth was—traditionally—supposed to have passed most of the time between the Temple episode and his baptism by John. The story opens at a later period, that preceding the fatal ride into Jerusalem, and proceeds, with pages of interesting and learned detail, over the rapidly moving events of the trial, the ascent upon Calvary and the crucifixion. It is Joseph of Arimathea, not the son of Joseph and Mary, who holds the center of the stage in these earlier chapters. Arimathea was the former residence of Joseph's father, Dan. The family had removed to Magdala, one of the Galilean ports, which afforded better opportunities for the trade in figs and dates which made Dan one of the richest merchants of his day. Joseph was a quiet, meditative boy, nourished in dreams and portents, and possessed from childhood with a great ambition to be a prophet. At a later but still youthful period, while rambling in the hills he fell in with a band of Essenes, from whom he learned to discard the materialism of the Pharisees. His susceptible young mind proved good seeding ground for the sowing of more idealistic views which fitted him for a later meeting with the new Messiah, whose devoted and ardent disciple he at once became. The young man's mental torment and exaltation over the changed conception of the Messiah and the Godhead from which he was sent forth as Israel's deliverer are well pictured and form the most fascinating portion of the story. They also present another version of the rich young man and his troubles. The picture of the newly chosen leader presents a strange and startling contrast to that of the young disciple, and, naturally enough, has been seized upon by Christologists of all sects as an extremely offensive and impious treatment of the subject. The figure here drawn of an emaciated, uncombed and ragged prophet, rude in speech, wayward and impetuous in his intercourse with his disciples, who loved him deeply but feared him also, sternly absorbed in thoughts of his destiny, morbidly sensitive to the least opposition—all this presents a new conception, not pleasing, but possibly as true to the facts, as milder pictures made familiar through medieval art. Joseph, bred at a loving hearthstone, loyal to his own, except when higher conscience forbade, and with tender concern for his sick father, disobeyed the injunction, "Leave all and follow Me," and returned to his home. Later, when he sought his new and idolized leader, he meets only severe rebuff and is denied the presence. This act of exclusion and punishment was never remitted. Jesus had been distrustful of Joseph from the first because of his riches, which he would not consent wholly to disown until he had arranged for the future comfort and safety of his parents; so henceforth to the end the suffering young disciple was kept outside the pale of accepted fellowship, and could only look on at passing events from a distance, offering such indirect help as he could, and remaining wholly loyal to the Master who had banished him. It is not strange that such a picture should pain and displease the followers of a Christ all loving compassion and mercy. The motif of the book is well known, even to those who have not read it and know it only through the reviewers. Joseph, having obtained permission to remove the body from the torturous cross, placed it in his own tomb, recently built, where he discovered there was life in it still. With the utmost physical effort he carried it in the dead of night to his home, where, with the aid of a faithful servant, the crucified one was healed of his wounds and restored to health. Rumors soon began to spread, and it became daily more imperative to place the unexecuted and unburied Jesus in a safer place. Plans were made to remove him to some distant spot, beyond the reach of Jewish law, but the restored one did not fall in readily with these plans. His longing was for the hills, and the sheepfold, and the little community in which he had once lived. Joseph brought him there and left him with his old, understanding friends, who see in their recovered brother only one among many who have pursued an unfulfilled dream of Messiahship. Joseph promised to return in a few days, but Jesus was uncomforted and foreboding. The two never saw each other again, Joseph presumably losing his life in some riot incited by the Pharisees who were only waiting his return. The one he had befriended and rescued remained in his mountain fastnesses, wholly content, apparently with no thoughts beyond the daily care of his sheep. Yet a deep and mighty revolution was going on under the shepherd's frock. He looked back with deep surprise and with genuine regret on the image of that young man who had nourished lofty dreams of coming

spiritual leadership; and as thoughts of a high personal destiny died a natural death, the sense of the divine presence grew. He learned to note its signs in the sights and sounds of Nature, animate and inanimate, to converse with the Highest in terms of sky and cloud and growing bush, in the life of the sheepfold, and in the simple fellowship of the brotherhood.

The last dramatic episode was the meeting with Paul. He listened to the story of the miraculous conversion on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho, the basis of all Paul's teaching, and was troubled and full of remorse. Vainly he tried to explain and correct the ardent convert's view and understanding of things, make clear his great delusion. "Paul, Paul, why persecutest thou me?" These were the words which rang continually in the missionary pracher's ears. He scarcely listened to, much less credited, the strange, fantastic tale of a half-mad shepherd. Jesus and Paul separated, the latter for Cæsarea to continue his preaching of the Word; a Risen Christ, the spilled blood of the cross whose healing was for Jew and Gentile. Jesus did not return to the brotherhood. The assumption is that he wandered away with a band of Indian religious devotees who seemed to hold much the same views of divine fatherhood and human brotherhood he had slowly discovered in the hills. The reader suddenly loses sight of him, the story is ended.

Is it worth the telling? Yes; first, because it is so well told and is informing and suggestive beyond even most serious fiction, despite the evident fact that the writer intended little, probably, beyond the strange tale's telling. And worth the telling for the better reason that every effort on the part of the student, fiction writer, preacher or scientist which helps to humanize and intelligize the New Testament story, free it from the harmful addenda of miracle and dogma is well worth the pains it cost. We must learn to say with Whittier, "Christ Jesus the man, not the God, I adore," before faith is firmly established and worship made pure.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

Chicago, November 16, 1916.

Above the Battle*

Into this book Romain Rolland has written his pain and anguish, his sublimest hope and faith. The war has for the time obliterated his most cherished dream, —the "Federation of Europe." It has revealed to him in all their hideousness the black spectres of hatred, revenge, personal ambition and narrow nationalism that always hover above the line of civilization. There is bitterness in the book, but a bitterness that is firmly suppressed by the hand of a valiant soul who resolved not to be swept away by the torrent of hatred that pours forth from every belligerent country and threatens to overwhelm those who have determined to withstand it. Here is revealed the inner struggle of those who see "above all nations humanity."

Romain Rolland, like the hero of Browning's "Childe Roland," has arrived at his dark tower. He has ridden by the swamps of hate and the loathesome creatures that dwell therein. And arriving there he placed a bugle to his lips and blew a song of dauntless faith and courage.

"For the finer spirits of Europe there are two dwelling places: Our earthly fatherland and that other city of God. Of the one we are the guests, of the other the builders. To the one let us give our lives and our faithful hearts; but neither family, friend nor fatherland, nor aught that we love has power over the spirit. The spirit is the light. It is our duty to lift it above tempests, and thrust aside the clouds which threaten to obscure it; to build higher and stronger, dominating the injustice of nations, the walls of that city wherein the souls of the whole world may assemble."

These words of hope like a rainbow of promise illumine the plains and mountains of battle-scarred Europe. They are words of life and light beaten out of the agonies of a heart that has suffered the loneliness of the Garden of Gethsemane. They are words of power because Romain Rolland has beaten out of his own soul the devils of hate and revenge. His ideal rides triumphant above the storm. His faith has not been submerged by a torrent of doubt.

He speaks "as one with authority," knowing that he is "the voice" that utters the hopes and aspirations of "thousands of others who, in all countries, cannot or dare not speak for themselves." He is the spiritual leader of the thousands "who have not bowed the knee" to Mars. Through the clouds of battle-smoke he sees the Europe that is yet to be. Above the strident cries of men crazed by the lust of blood he hears the anthems of the free.

He rebukes those who would match hate with hate. The moment is too solemn, death too near, the future too real for men to forget the hopes and dreams of the poets and prophets of yesterday. With the passion of an Isaiah he announces the destruction of those who ruthlessly destroy the spiritual progress of mankind. In the presence of the ruined Cathedral of Rheims, "Our Lady of France," his heart bleeds. But this is not the crime of a people but of a few.

"A piece of architecture like Rheims is much more than one life; it is a people whose centuries vibrate like a symphony in this organ of stone. It is their memories of joy, of glory, and of grief; their meditations, ironies, dreams. It is the tree of the race, whose roots plunge to the profoundest depths of its soil, and whose branches stretch with a sublime élan toward the sky. It is still more: Its beauty which soars above the struggles of nations is the harmonious response made by the human race to the riddle of the world— this light of the spirit more necessary to souls of men than that of the sun.

"Whoever destroys this work, murders more than a man; he murders the purest soul of the race. His crime is inexpiable and Dante would have punished it with an eternal agony, eternally renewed. We who repudiate the vindictive spirit of so cruel a genius, do not hold a people responsible for the crimes of a few."

He turns with confidence to his "friends the enemy," believing that he will find there leaders of men who will respond to his appeal and whose burning words of indignation will match his own. He quotes with solemn joy the words of love and pity that come from poets and dramatists in the German trenches. These are indeed his brothers of the spirit who toil with him in the erection of the walls of the City of God.

*ABOVE THE BATTLE, by Romain Rolland. Open Court Publishing Company.

"Above the Battle" does not conceal Romain Rolland's passionate love for France. But it also reveals that he belongs to the spiritual country in which may dwell the lovers of truth of all lands. His message is for all peoples and for all times. He writes not from the field of war but from the heart wherein dwell the everlasting realities of human life. He closes his ears to the din of battle that he may hear "the still small voice." His is the word of yesterday, today and the future that men will heed "forever and a day." It is the word of hope that gives courage and faith to the lovers of mankind. He bids us to press on and on to the light.

Lincoln, Nebraska. ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

Joseph Fels and the Single Tax

JOSEPH FELS, HIS LIFE AND WORK, by Mary Fels, is not so much a biography as a story of the way in which Joseph Fels came to his conviction that the Single Tax offered the best possible way toward social justice. One follows with interest the natural human story of the effort of this great-hearted man to relieve the suffering in Philadelphia, and again in London, through organization for encouraging the poor to cultivate thoroughly allotments of land for gardening; his attempts to interest the people of England and the English government in these projects rather than in colonization schemes; the consequent disappointment Mr. Fels suffered because of the slowness of the British public, and failure to secure governmental support; his thorough study of the causes of poverty, and final well-grounded conviction that only through a tax upon the land rather than upon its improvements (i. e. labor), would the land seek men to cultivate it rather than men go seeking land to cultivate, with the consequence that with land available at fair rental, wages would have to rise to a living plane or industrial workers would turn to tilling the soil. Thus far the book is an argument for single tax. In the last chapter the author gives us a brief but intensely vivid description of Mr. Fels' personality as manifest in his domestic and social habits. (B. W. Huebsch Co., New York, 1916.)

HARRY FOSTER BURNS.

IN A LIBRARY.

Here ages wait to speak and dream with thee
Of ancient pomp and pride forever gone,
And harps are hung whose silver strings can free
The souls of those who sang at song's first dawn.

Here paths await the pressure of thy feet
And seas of thought the shadow of thy sail
Whereon thy distant voyaging may meet
Thought's farthest night where stars and pilot fail...

Here may the burdens of thy daily life
As at a minster gate be laid aside,
Thy soul be shut from sounds of human strife,
Thy mind and heart be charmed and beautified.

In New York Sun. —*Arthur Wallace Peach.*

The Imitation Lady

We all meet the "Imitation Lady" often, as she is no doubt indigenous to all lands; but do we all recognize her as such? Her signals are flying and can usually be trusted. It would seem that nature must shudder at the violation of her own good intentions as she witnesses "the latest thing in womanhood!" How may we determine if a "lady" be real or spurious, except by exteriors, as we see her casually?

The word "lady," like "professor," has been so foully dealt with that those to whom the words truly belong almost repudiate them. The word "lady" especially has long ceased to be a descriptive word. There are real ladies still on earth, using the word in a high sense, who are not called "milady," who have never thought of these distinctions, and do not care about labels anyway, who are living useful if not heroic lives, bearing one another's burdens as well as their own silently. There are others, too, to whom the word lady is certainly applicable, but these are not under discussion at the present moment. Am recalling those lines of Kipling's that have ever bothered me:

> They're like as a row of pins—
> For the Colonel's Lady an' Judy O'Grady
> Are sisters under their skins!

The "Imitation Lady" follows fads and fashions of the period to such an extreme that we know her consideration of these things takes more time than do all her other duties tied in a bunch.

In studying the history of dress we learn it was originally adopted, not for protection or concealment, but for decoration! Isn't there something of that idea in the artificial woman's dress today, expressed in her diaphanous and sleeveless gowns seen in "good society"? Modesty seems to be out of date. The low cut bodice, high heels, earrings, and, to crown all, the hats during the last decade, have been cause to make an Indian smile. The hair and its arrangement seems to express more than any other physical feature in woman, and being her own (presumably) is taken frightful advantage of—in coloring and discoloring. There seems to be a corresponding standard of bad taste in the artificial lady's dress, occupations and enjoyments. Among her pleasures are, first, the modern dancing, which, as some said recently, "isn't dancing at all," then come the songs that are often more than "suggestions," and the "best sellers" are her chief literature, if nothing worse. She plays bridge with clock-like regularity and salves (in some instances) her conscience by doing some charity work. It is a sad commentary on the taste and judgment of man that he is often happier with this type of woman than with one who takes life seriously. The "Imitation Lady" is broad in her religious predilections, accepting the faith nearest at hand; therefore we find her belonging to every known faith or cult. This type often makes what we term a "happy home"—so do cats and kittens! Studying the Imitation Lady one wonders how she accomplishes so much shopping, perched on those "stilts," falsely called heels, with her body so out of poise, it would seem that her soul must be correspondingly so, with the whole order of being; but her lack of knowledge of the worth of life allows her to wobble complacently over the world.

C. F. WETMORE.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

HOW POLAND IS HELPED.

There are 240 deaths to every 100 births in Poland, says the distinguished author of "Quo Vadis," Henry Sienkiewicz. We have heard of the horrors of war in Poland, where the theater of operations is constantly changing, and how they exceed those even of Belgium and Servia. As an additional woe, nearly two millions of Polish soldiers have been drafted in three armies, says the novelist in *The American Red Cross Magazine* (Washington), "and in consequence have been forced into a fraticidal struggle." The terrible malady of hunger—"whose" symptoms preceding death are the bloating of the body and blindness," is decimating the population who have thus far escaped. The only relief work possible, as the Polish novelist shows, is that carried on from Vevey, in Switzerland. We read:

"For remedying, even in part, this horrible situation, a 'General Aid Committee for the Victims of the War in Poland' was constituted in Vevey, Switzerland, January 9, 1915, under my direction and under that of Mr. Paderewski. This committee addressed to all civilized people an appeal, signed by myself, asking in the name of the State of Poland, in view of its merits as a Christian bulwark against the barbaric hordes, as well as its achievements in the domain of science, of art, of progress in general, and of civilization, to succor this people menaced in its very existence.

"Our appeal was not without echo. It was supported by Catholic churches throughout the Christian world. From January 9 to July 1, 1916, we had collected the sum of 12,571,276 francs ($2,514,253.10), of which amount we had sent, up to the latter date, the sum of 12,137,044 francs ($2,427,408) for aiding in Poland the population deprived of shelter and those suffering from hunger, without making any distinction between the religions.

"Subsidies in money have been sent to the territories occupied by the Germans and Austrians in Galicia and Lithuania, and to the Poles taken by the Russian Army into Russia; also to those in the concentration camps in Austria. We have obtained in Switzerland authorization to send thirty wagons of condensed milk for the little children. This consignment has been received by the mothers with transports of joy in all the localities of Poland where misery has made itself felt the most. We invariably have sent money, clothing and provisions destined for Poland to the local committees presided over by Poles of distinction."

Mr. Sienkiewicz assures us that no part of the Polish relief supplies has been requisitioned or confiscated by the belligerents or their armies, and he adds that had one instance of this kind been brought to his attention he would have suspended further consignments of relief stores and dissolved the General Aid Committee for the Victims of the War in Poland.

But what the relief agencies have been able to do for the stricken Poles has been woefully inadequate "to alleviate in an efficacious manner the frightful misery which has attacked the millions of our compatriots." Throughout the Polish provinces, so he declares, the people, even those with very scanty means for staving off famine, divide what little they have with the poorest of their brethren. Continuing:

"In America, thanks to the devotion and energy of such individuals as Mr. and Madame Paderewski, Madame Sembrich-Kochanska, Madame Adamowska, and numerous Polish associations, compassion for the tragic fate of our people grows each day more and more, and finds its expression not only in a large material support, but also in the expressions of your most eminent citizens, who raise their voices in defense of our existence."—*Literary Digest.*

THE ETERNAL PLAY.

Third act of the eternal play!
In poster-like emblazonries,
"Autumn once more begins today"—
'Tis written all across the trees
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How many hundred centuries
Hath run this play, with ne'er a pause!
That which this living audience sees
Thrilled all the dead to wild applause—
And yet the strange old drama draws.

Not all alike adjudge the play:
Some laugh, some weep, and some there be
Deem the old classic's had its day,
And some scarce any of it see,
Nodding in witless apathy.

And others more than all the rest
One act out of the four prefer—
Spring, in her wind-flower draperies drest,
Or Summer, with her bosom bare;
Winter than these some deem more fair.

Some, mayhap melancholic, deem
Autumn the meaning of the play—
The smile that says, "'Twas all a dream!"
The sigh that says, "I can but stay
A little while, and then away";

The rustling robe of joy that ends,
The moon-cold kiss upon the brow,
The fading sail of sea-sped friends,
The love that is another's now,
The voice that mourns, "Ah! where are thou?"

For all her purple and her gold,
Autumn hath such a tale to tell—
The tale that tells us all is told;
Yea! but she tells it wondrous well,
Weaving strange hope into her spell:
The hope that, when we sit no more
At this old play, and needs must go
Through yonder shrouded exit door,
The mystic impresario
Hath still for us a stranger show.

—*Richard Le Gallienne.*
Harper's Magazine.

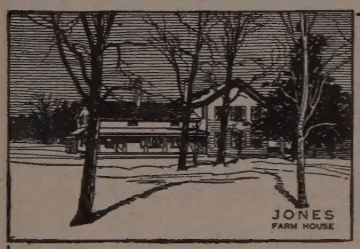
HONOR FOR STRAY DOG

Official recognition by the Postoffice Department is soon to come to a dog who is known as "Sam" for his zeal and vigilance in guarding bags of mail at Mt. Carmel, Pennsylvania. He is to have a collar which will bear the following inscription, as an appreciation of his services by a grateful government:—"U. S. Mail. Presented to Uncle Sam's Faithful Friend by Albert S. Burleson, Postmaster-General, Oct. 25, 1916."

"Sam's" special self-assigned task is the guarding of a parcel-post wagon while the carrier is delivering. He never misses a trip. A good friend of "Sam" wrote to Washington and the Department was prompt to respond.

—*Our Dumb Animals.*

'Twas in the happy by-gone days—
Ah! would we could restore
The light of those departed rays
Of suns that shine no more—
The days when all the lands were still,
And war was at a close.
No more was heard the sound of strife,
And Peace, the goddess, rose.



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A FEW COMMENTS

It is a splendid piece of work and I hope it may reach a large audience.
PROF. ARNOLD B. HALL,
Sec'y Wis. Peace Society.

I thank you very much for sending me Mr. Jones' attractive new work; we have begun reading it at Chicago Commons Vespers, so that all may share the pleasure it is giving me. GRAHAM TAYLOR.

I read the articles as they appeared in UNITY, and rejoice over having them in book form. L. E. STEARNS, Milwaukee,
Library Expert and Lecturer.

Am going to have my pupils in geography use your book for each country as they come to it. A CHICAGO TEACHER.

The writer presents his argument in terms of both seer and scientific observer; the big hopes and glowing diction of poet and prophet are balanced by common sense and rational induction.
—*Chicago Post.*

I take great delight in dipping into the book. What a high intellectual and moral level it attains! I am astounded at the knowledge it reveals and the sympathy it manifests. With its spirit, war would have been impossible. REV. JAMES G. TOWNSEND,
Jamestown, N. Y.

I read some of these noble addresses when they first appeared, and I am particularly glad to have them in book form.
RABBI STEPHEN WISE.

I sat up into the wee small hours, reading with increasing interest, and wondering how the author did it. Sleep demanded its toll before I had finished the last two chapters. I cannot find words to say with what joy I read those last pages on the following morning.
REV. ARTHUR WEATHERLY,
Lincoln, Neb.

I have read your charming little book and am in hearty sympathy with all its utterances, as real Christians must be.
JAMES M. WHITON,
New York City.

Your fine-spirited little book of love has done me good and I am sure will help in the most important of all works just now—the creation of just and kindly feeling. REV. WM. P. MERRILL,
Brick Presbyterian Church, New York City.

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